

Sea Of Treachery

"I Never Was A White Picket Fence Sorta Guy"

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You run in circles
just to feel alive.
This endless cycle
must be broken.
Define a role,
place me in it.
As you reflect
a dark world.
My life inside
your distorted eyes.
Your baseless pride
and such damning lies.

You run in circles
just to feel alive.
This endless cycle
must be broken.
Define a role,
place me in it.
As you reflect
a dark world.

Differences you
won't realize.
Differences you
can't compromise.(x2)

This life will fade,
don't you know there
is no point in
this sad charade,
the cash parade
that you march in?
You've sold your
soul so go ahead
and be on your way.
Bow to your gods-party
sluts and heiress whores.

Your rules do not apply,
for i am not just like you.
Party sluts and heiress whores

define your culture in
which i want no part.

This is my life.
These are my dreams.
I will never let you define me.(2)

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